GOLD KEY

10044-409
SEPTEMBER

GE

CAVE KIDS

STILL ONLY 12¢

HANNA-BARBERA

CAVE KIDS

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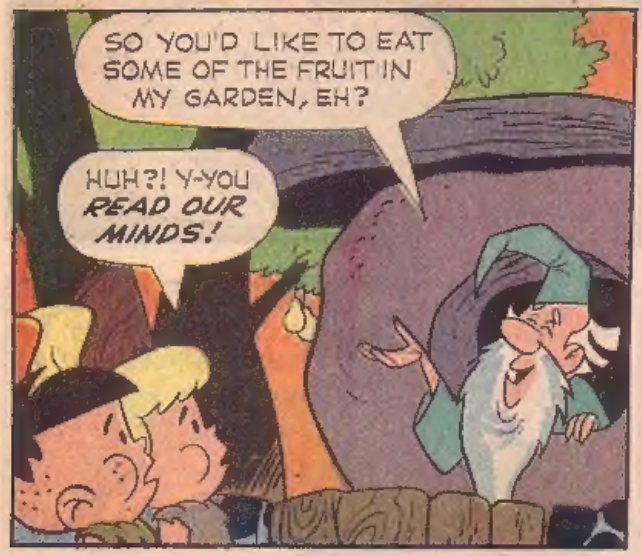
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
2
BEWARE OF DOG
UG MAGAZINE
HUMPH! WHO'S AFRAID OF A LITTLE CRITTER LIKE HIM!
WHUPS!

Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

MIND MEDDLERS



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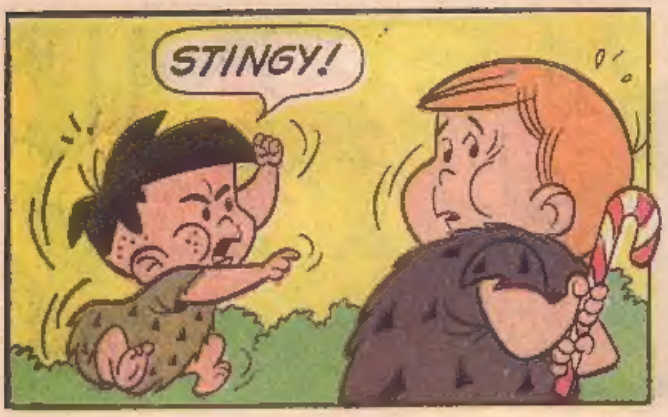
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

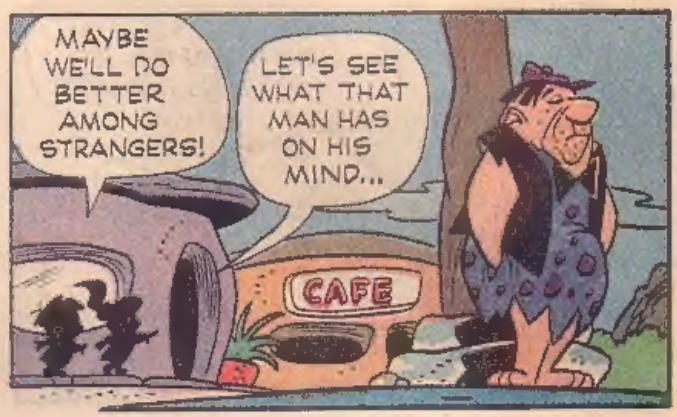
THERE'S JUST ONE RESTRICTION...
DON'T EAT ANY FRUIT FROM THE-TREE-OF-THE-KNOWLEDGE-OF-MEN'S-MINDS WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE GARDEN, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, SIR!
AND ALL GOES WELL FOR A SPELL, UNTIL...
SAY, THIS IS THE TABOO TREE!
HUMPH! I CAN'T SEE WHY WE'D BE SORRY IF WE ATE FROM IT!
NO MUNCHIN'
THE TREE OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF MEN'S MINDS.
IN FACT, I IMAGINE WE'LL BE ABLE TO READ MEN'S MINDS IF WE EAT FROM IT!
JUST LIKE THE OWNER OF THIS GARDEN!
OH, BOY! LET ME AT IT!
DON'T PUSH!
IT DOESN'T TASTE SO SPECIAL!
BOY! SANDY'S GOT THE BIGGEST MOUTH ALIVE...
SLUP!
GULP!
WHATTA YA MEAN, I'VE GOT A BIG MOUTH?!
SANDY...YOU JUST READ MY MIND!

SHAME, SHAME, CHILDREN! YOU DIS-OBEYED ME!
OH, OH!
I TOLD YOU YOU'D BE SORRY! NOW OUT OF MY GARDEN... OUT!
(SIGH!) WE DESERVE IT!
GOOD-BY TO A GOOD DEAL!
WELL, WE CAN STILL READ MINDS!
HEY...THERE'S BUDDY BOULDER! LET'S HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM!
HI, BUDDY!
HI, SANDY AND SALLY!
DOGGONE 'EM! I WISH THEY'D GO SO I COULD FINISH THE CANDY I'M HOLDIN' BEHIND MY BACK!
(SNIFF!) IMAGINE HIM BEING THAT WAY TO FRIENDS!


STINGY!

EEK! S-SOMETHING REAL W-WEIRDO IS GOIN' ON!
ZOOM!

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT'S A SAD THING TO BE ABLE TO READ YOUR FRIENDS' MINDS!
ESPECIALLY HIS!


MAYBE WE'LL DO BETTER AMONG STRANGERS!
LET'S SEE WHAT THAT MAN HAS ON HIS MIND...
CAFE

I'LL WAIT TILL CLOSING TIME, THEN I'LL GO IN AND ROB THE BANK! HAR-HAR-HAR!
OH, MY!
YIKES!
BANK OF BEDROCK

HE'S A BANK ROBBER... WHAT'LL WE DO?
YOU TELL THE BANK PEOPLE... I'LL TELL THE POLICE!

BUT...
SO YOU READ THE BANK ROBBER'S MIND, EH, SONNY? HO-HO-HO!

AND IN THE BANK...
TEE-HEE-HEE! BIG JOKE!
GO LICK A LOLLIPOP, LITTLE GIRL!
SALLY, GUESS WHAT...
OH, SANDY, DO YOU KNOW WHAT...
NEVER MIND SAYING IT...I JUST READ YOUR MIND!
SAME HERE!
GOLLY, NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?
IF ONLY SOME GROWN-UP COULD READ THE ROBBER'S MIND!
HEY... WHY NOT?
COME ON... BACK TO THE GARDEN!
AND IN A SWIFT JIFFY...
FRESH FRUIT FOR SALE!
FRESH FRUIT!

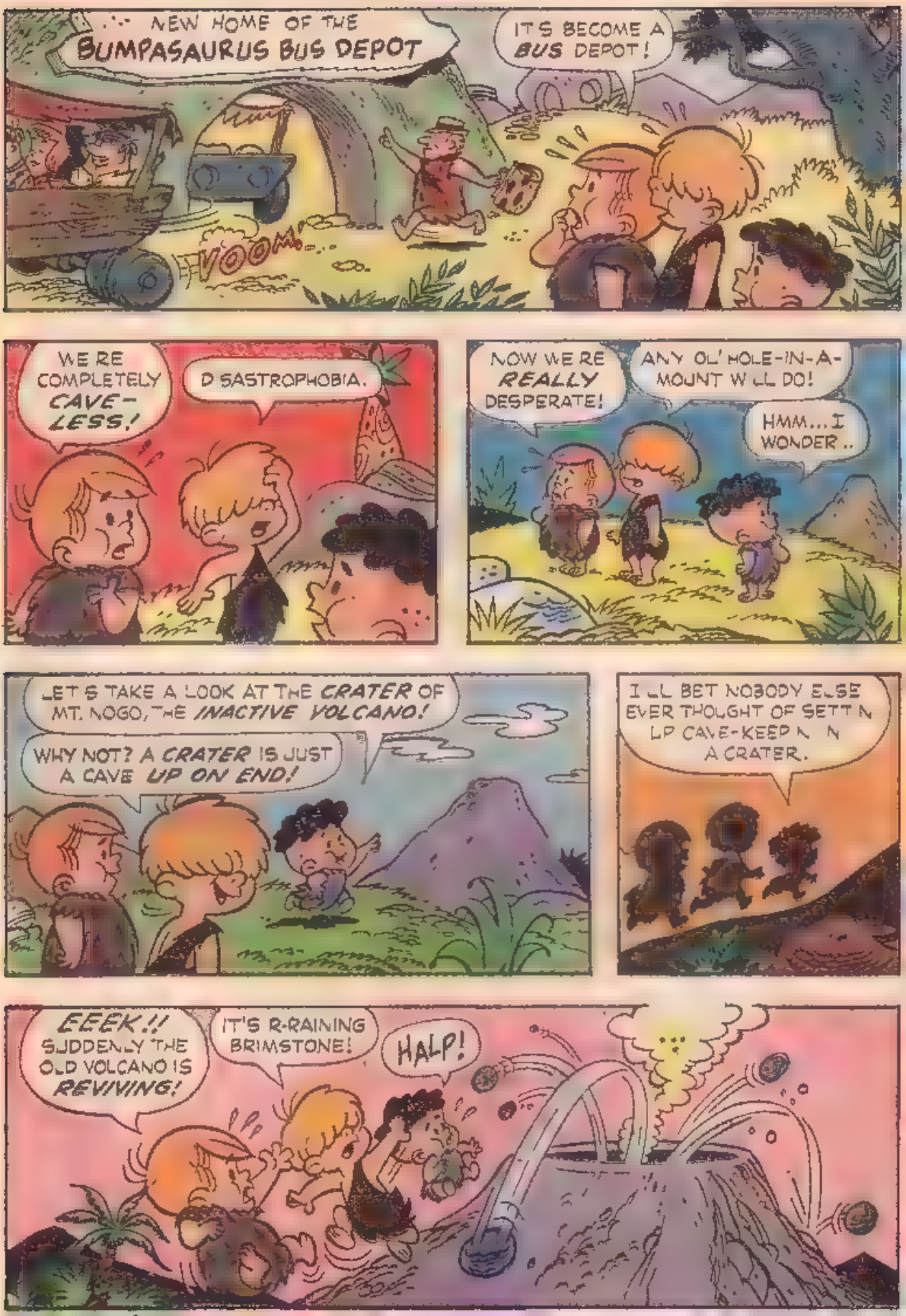
FRESH FRUIT, MISTER?
NO, THANKS!
BUT YOU'VE JUST GOTTA...
HMM...
HEY, KIDS... I'LL BUY SOME OF THAT TO MUNCH ON...
WHILE I'M WAITIN' TO ROB THE BANK! HEH, HEH!
OH, OH!
KEEP THE CHANGE!
OH, DEAR-O-ME!
I-I WASN'T COUNTIN' ON THE ROBBER EATIN' THE MIND-READING FRUIT!
BE CAREFUL OF WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT NOW, SANDY!
(CHOMP-CHOMP!) NOT BAD...
GOBBLE! SLOP!
HEH! WHAT A FUNNY-FACED FELLA... LOOKS LIKE MY PET RIPPLE-SNOOT-A-SAURUS!
WHAT?!! GRRR!

NOBODY CALLS HANK THE BANKER NAMES LIKE THAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!
BOP!
OW!
NOBODY BOPS BENNY THE BOXER LIKE THAT AND GETS AWAY WITH IT!
WOWIE! WHAT A BLOW!
BLOM!
YOU KNOCKED OUT THE BANK ROBBER!
BANK ROBBER? SAY... HE DOES HAVE A GUN!
POLICE!
IT'S HANK THE BANKER! WHOEVER CAPTURED HIM GETS A REWARD!
YAY!
YOU CAN GIVE IT TO US! WE BROUGHT ABOUT HIS KNOCKOUT...
HUH?

YOU KIDS HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! I DID IT ALL!
HE SURE DID!
THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER... I SAW THE WHOLE THING!
OH, WHAT'S THE USE? COME ON, SALLY!
AHA! YOU'RE PAYING THE PRICE FOR DISOBEDIENCE!
YES, SIR! WE CAN'T DO WRONG AND EXPECT GOOD TO COME OF IT!
BUT CHEER UP! YOUR POWER TO READ MINDS WILL WEAR OFF BY TONIGHT!
YAY! THAT'S GOOD NEWS!
AND IN THE MEANTIME, I KNOW A GOOD GUY TO HANG AROUND...
...SHEEPY SHALE... HE NEVER HAS MUCH OF ANYTHING ON HIS MIND!
DUH-H...
The End

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
NIGHTMARE ALLEY
SMALL WONDER WE HAVE NIGHTMARES W TH ALL THE TRAFF C WE GET THROUGH OUR CAVE.
WHY DOES EVERY TOM, DICK AND DINOSAUR HAVE TO ROAR THROUGH HERE?
AWWWW!
CAUSE IT'S A GOOD SHORT CUT FROM MA N STREET DOWN TO QUARRY ROAD!
YOU KNOW WHAT WE NEED, MEN?
YES. A NEW CAVE...
...ONE THAT'S A DEAD END!

SO BRIGHT AND EARLY THE NEXT MORN NG...
S NCE THE MILKMAN WOKE US, LET S GET AN EARLY START HUNT.NG FOR A NEW CAVE.
ROAR!
RATTLE!
CLATTER!
CLINK!
MILK
MILK
RUMBLE!
THERE S A DANDY OUT-OF-THE-WAY CAVE YONDER!
LET S GO!
BUT...
OOPS! EXCUSE US. WE DIDN T KNOW TH S CAVE WAS OCCUPIED.
INVADED IS MORE LIKE IT!
AND VACANT CAVES PROVE TO BE SCARCER THAN D.NOSAUR D MPLES...
SCAT!
UPSTRETCHED ARMS APARTMENTS
WE RE FILLED UP!
SEEMS TO BE A CAVE SHORTAGE!
GRR
,T'S NO USE.
LET'S GO BACK AND BE CONTENT WITH OUR OLD CAVE.
OH, NO...LOOK AT T...


NEW HOME OF THE BUMPASAURUS BUS DEPOT
IT'S BECOME A BUS DEPOT!
VOOM!
WE'RE COMPLETELY CAVE-LESS!
D'SASTROPHOBIA.
NOW WE'RE REALLY DESPERATE!
ANY OL' HOLE-IN-A-MOUNT'N WILL DO!
HMM... I WONDER..
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE CRATER OF MT. NOGO, THE INACTIVE VOLCANO!
WHY NOT? A CRATER IS JUST A CAVE UP ON END!
I'LL BET NOBODY ELSE EVER THOUGHT OF SETT'N UP CAVE-KEEP'N IN A CRATER.
EEEK!! SUDDENLY THE OLD VOLCANO IS REVIVING!
IT'S R-RAINING BRIMSTONE!
HALP!

I'D RATHER R SK LIVIN'.N THE BUS DEPOT THAN HERE!
NOW WHERE SHALL WE GO?
SAY...IT'S STOPPED ERUPT NG ALREADY!
SO WHAT? I WOULDN'T TRUST IT AGAIN IN A JILLION YEARS!
HEY, DON'T S.T ON THAT ROCK, BUDDY...
WHY NOT?
CAUSE THE VOLCANO SPEWED IT OUT...IT.., ER...MUST BE RED-HOT!
SAYS YOU, T S AS COOL AS A TERRAP.N'S TAIL IN M DW NTER!
B-BUT VOLCANOS ALWAYS SPEW OUT HOT STUFF!
YEAH
I'M SUSP.CIOUS! I'M GONNA SNEAK A PEEK!
HUH? WELL, BASH ME OVER.
SMALL STUFF! WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THERE?
SHH...
AW, DON T BE SO SECRET...

WE LL SEE FOR OURSELVES.
YEAH!
OH, OH!
STOMP!
HE HEARS YOUR HEAVY FOOTSTEPS, BUDDY... LOOK OUT!
WHO HEARS ME?
THE SMOKE-BELCHIN', ROCK-THROWIN' DRAGON WHO LIVES IN THAT CRATER, THAT'S WHO.
HMM... I'VE GOT A BIG, FAT BRAINSTORM IN MY TEENY HEAD...
IF WE KEEP H M AROUSED, HE LL SOON RUN OUT OF ROCKS TO THROW ...AND MAYBE HE LL MOVE OUT OF THERE.
STOMP-STOMP!
THEN WE'LL BE ABOUT TO TAKE OVER THAT NEAT CRATER!
HEE!

AND SHORTLY...
BOO-HOO-HOOIE!
NO MORE ROCKS!
BUT NOW HE'S WEEPING!
STOMP!
STOMP!
STOMP!
SHAME ON YOU BOYS! YOU'LL CAUSE THAT TIMID-O-SAURUS TO HAVE A MENTAL CRACK-UP!
TIMID-O-SAURUS?
YES! THEY'RE TERRIBLY TIMID CREATURES WHO MAKE EXCELLENT PETS ONCE YOU BEFRIEND THEM!
HEY! LET'S BE HIS FRIEND AND MOVE IN WITH HIM!
THINK WHAT A SWELL INTRUDER-CHASER HE'LL BE.
NICE BOY!
PAT PAT
ANYBODY WHO SETS FOOT ON THIS MOUNTAIN WILL AUTOMATICALLY SET OFF OUR...HEH..."VOLCANO"!
So...
THIS IS ALL FINE EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...
WHEN AN INTRUDER COMES AROUND...
...THAT TIMID-O-SAURUS ISN'T VERY CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT HE HEAVES OUT!

NOT SO DUMB DADDY

Augie's Daddy was standing on the porch as he looked over his large lawn. His back began to ache just thinking of all the work.

"My lawn is in sad shape," sighed Doggie Daddy. "The weeds have taken over. I'll have to dig up the whole lawn and start over. And if there's one thing I don't dig, it's digg ng!" he snorted in disgust.

Doggie Daddy walked into the house to put on his work clothes, thinking he'd at least have Augie to help him with the job.

But Augie came dashing down the stairs in something far different from work clothes. He was wearing his baseball uniform.

"So long, Precious Pop," yelled Augie. "I have to get to baseball practice. I'm late already."

"Wait a minute!" yelled his Daddy. But it was too late . . . Augie had already gone.

"Bah! I realize baseball and recreation are good for a growing boy. But digging up the lawn would give him exercise and be good for growing *grass*. I guess I'll just have to do it myself," grumbled Doggie Daddy.

A half hour later, Augie's Daddy was busy toiling in the hot sun, digging up weeds, when Augie came sadly into the yard. He was followed by his baseball buddies.

"What's the matter, saddest of all sons?" asked Augie's Doggie Daddy.

"Our team has been practicing on a vacant lot to get ready for a championship game. And now the man who owns the lot says we can't play there anymore," moaned Augie.

"That's too bad," agreed his Daddy, "but now you can stay home and help me get this lawn into good shape for replanting."

"Dad of Dads, how can you think of the lawn at a time like this?" wailed Augie.

"You don't understand, sir," Billy Beagle spoke up. "We invested all kinds of money in new equipment . . . bats, balls, uniforms, and these spiked shoes for the big game. Now we will surely lose because we don't have anywhere to practice," he sighed.

Doggie Daddy took a long look at Billy's shoes and noticed that all the other boys were wearing the same kind.

"Fellows, you can practice right here in my yard. I'll even umpire for you!" offered Doggie Daddy with a generous smile.

"Hooray for Precious Pop," cried Augie.

And so, for the next few days the whole team practiced in Augie's yard. They ran around bases. They slid into home plate. They jumped up and down in the outfield to catch flies. And each time the boys' shoes dug into the dirt, a little more earth was loosened and a few more weeds came out of the ground — not to speak of grass.

That weekend, Doggie Daddy went to the big game. Of course, Augie's team won!

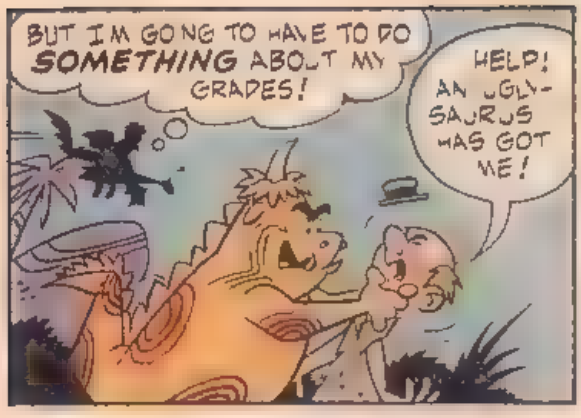
On the way home from the game, Augie patted his dad on the back. "Thank you, dear Daddy, for letting our team use your lawn to practice on. You were very generous to postpone all your garden work just for us!"

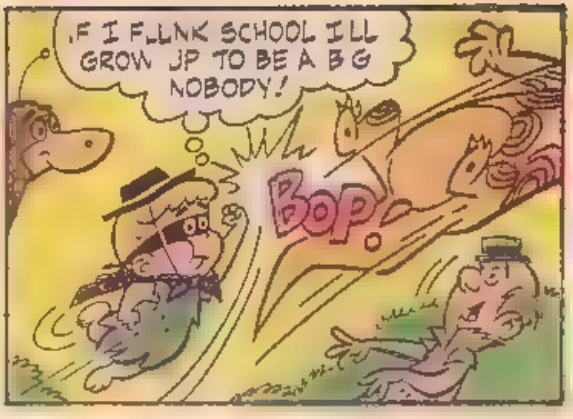
"Thanks for the compliment, grateful son," replied Doggie Daddy. "But you boys actually did *me* the favor!"

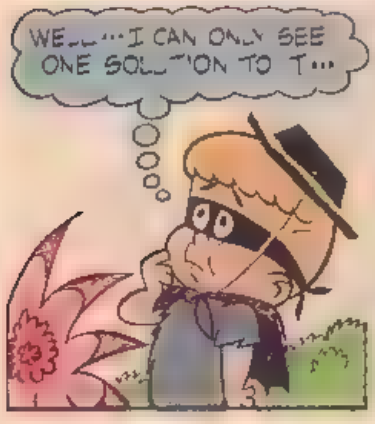
They had arrived home, and Augie noticed for the first time that the lawn looked as though it were all dug up.

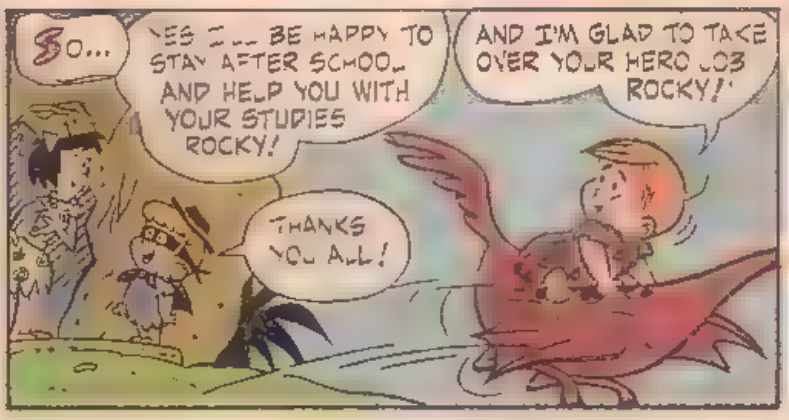
"You boys and your spiked shoes did that," explained Doggie Daddy. "All I had to do was rake up the loosened weeds and grass. And now it's all ready for replanting, sharp-footed son of mine," his Daddy said.

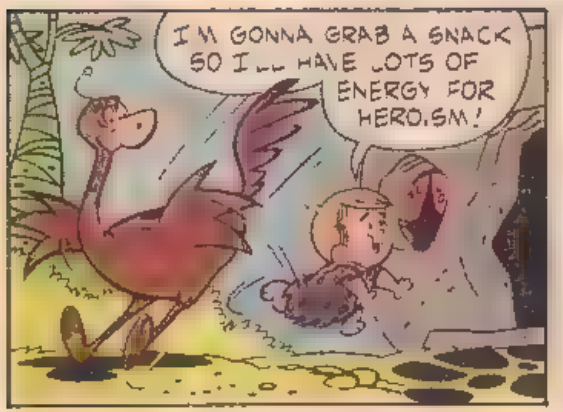
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
in
ZERO-HERO
EEK! HOW COME YOU PUT A B G ZERO ON MY REPORT CARD, MISS ELTOW?
SURELY YOU'RE SMART ENOUGH TO FIGURE THAT OUT FOR YOURSELF ROCKY...
EVERY TIME YOUR STEED FLAPPY, PICKS UP A DISTRESS CRY ON HIS ANTENNA..
...HE PULLS YOU OUT OF CLASS TO GO RESCUING...
...AND SO YOU MISS A BIG BUNCH OF SCHOOLING EVERY DAY.
...YOU'RE FLUNKING, ROCKY RANGER.
PUBLIC SCHOOL
GOLLY! SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO SHOUT IT FROM THE HOUSETOPS!

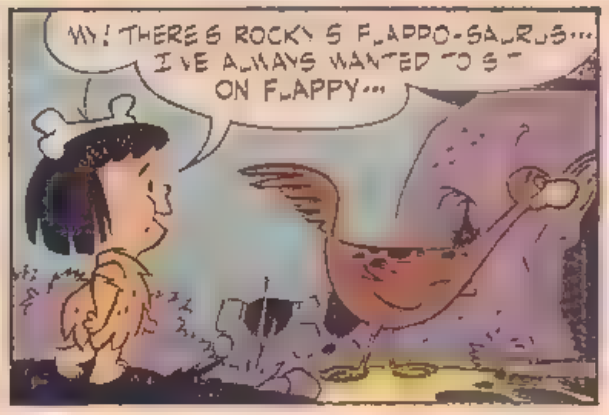

BUT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY GRADES!
HELP! AN UGLY-SAURUS HAS GOT ME!

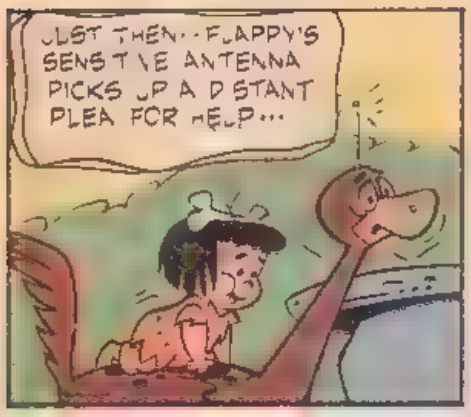

IF I FLUNK SCHOOL I'LL GROW UP TO BE A BIG NOBODY!
BOP!

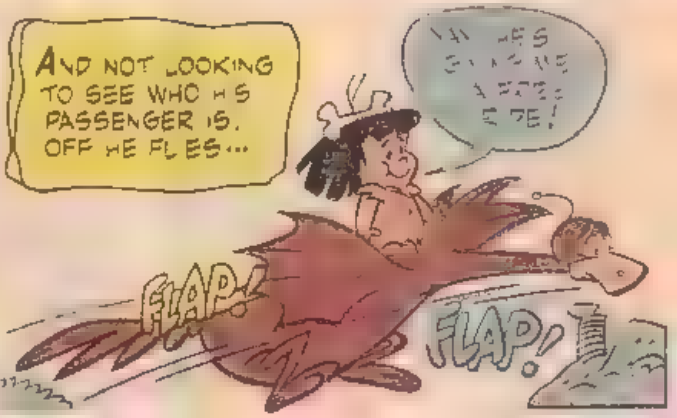

WELL...I CAN ONLY SEE ONE SOLUTION TO IT...


SO...
YES I'LL BE HAPPY TO STAY AFTER SCHOOL AND HELP YOU WITH YOUR STUDIES ROCKY!
AND I'M GLAD TO TAKE OVER YOUR HERO JOB ROCKY!
THANKS YOU ALL!

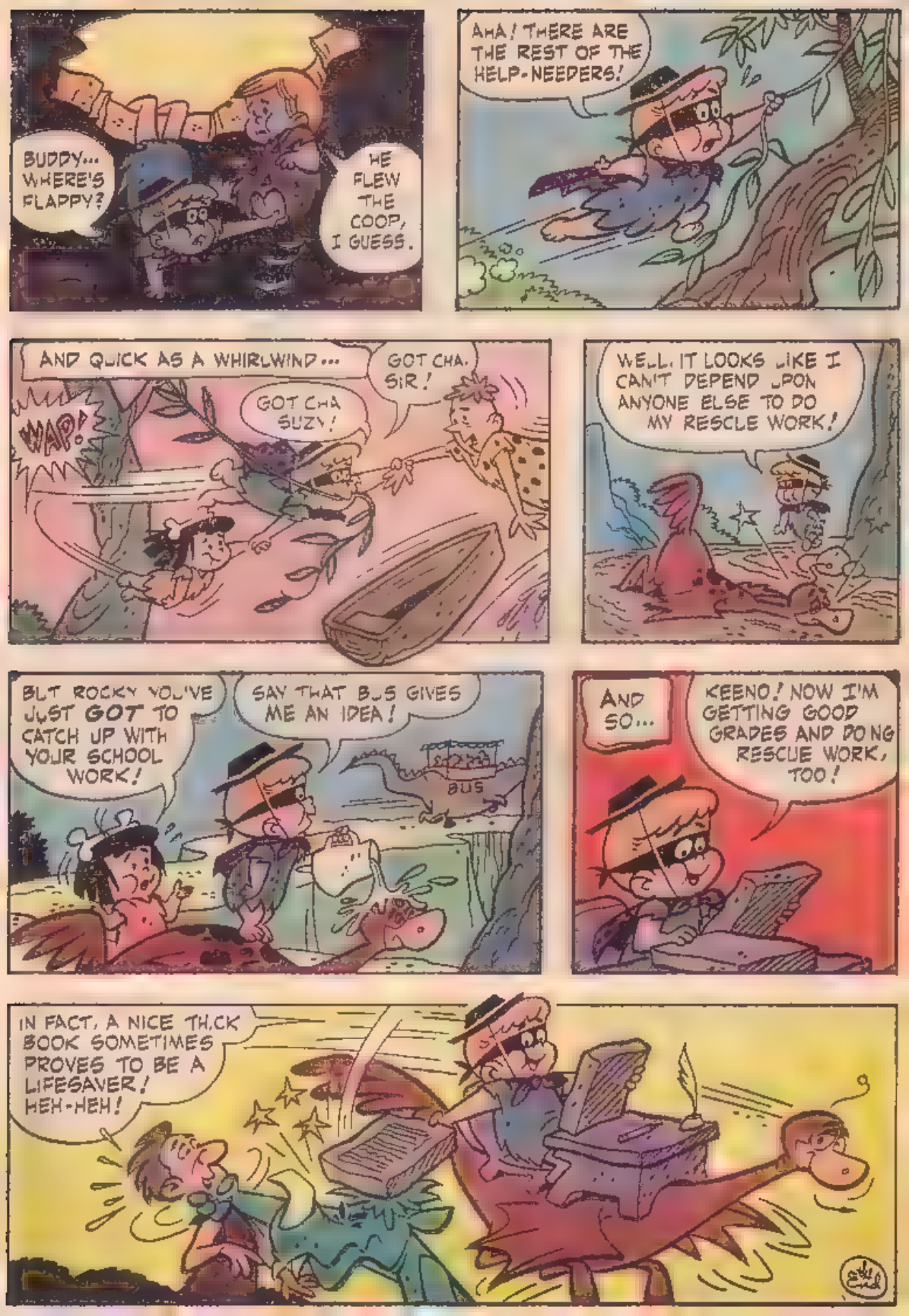

I'M GONNA GRAB A SNACK SO I'LL HAVE LOTS OF ENERGY FOR HEROISM!


MY! THERE'S ROCKY'S FLAPPO-SAURUS... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SIT ON FLAPPY...


JUST THEN...FLAPPY'S SENSITIVE ANTENNA PICKS UP A DISTANT PLEA FOR HELP...


AND NOT LOOKING TO SEE WHO HIS PASSENGER IS, OFF HE FLIES...
FLAP!
FLAP!

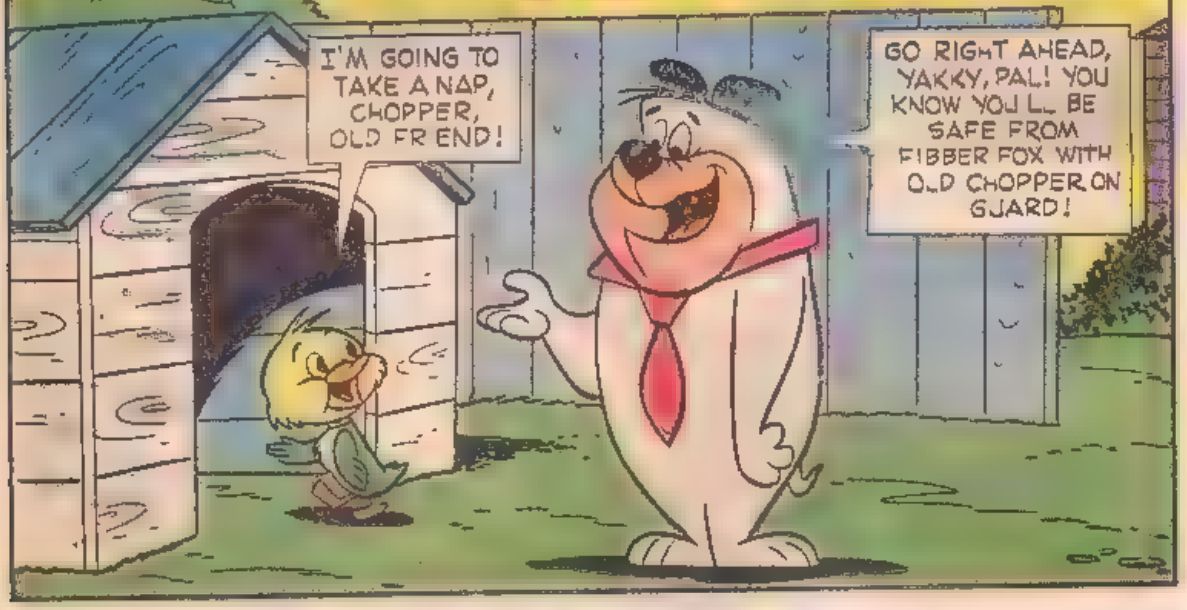
(SMACK!) GOOD SNACK! AND NOW BACK ON THE JOB...
OW! WHAT HAPPENED TO FLAPPY...?
THUD
GRUMBLE
CRASH!
HALP! I'VE FALLEN INTO A CAVERN! HALP!
AND MEANT ME... UNG_DED BY ROCKY'S SK_LLED HAND, FLAPPY FL_ES TOO CLOSE TO A TREE...
HALP! I'M CAUGHT!
?
THE RESULT... FLAPPY DOESN'T KNOW WHICH WAY TO GO...
HALP!
HALP!
SAVE ME!
ROAR!
AND WHILE HE'S TRYING TO MAKE UP HIS MINIATURE MIND...
THUNK
THEN, BACK AT SCHOOL
HELP! HELP! HELP!
I-I CAN'T CONCENTRATE FOR ALL THE HELP YELPS I CAN HEAR!

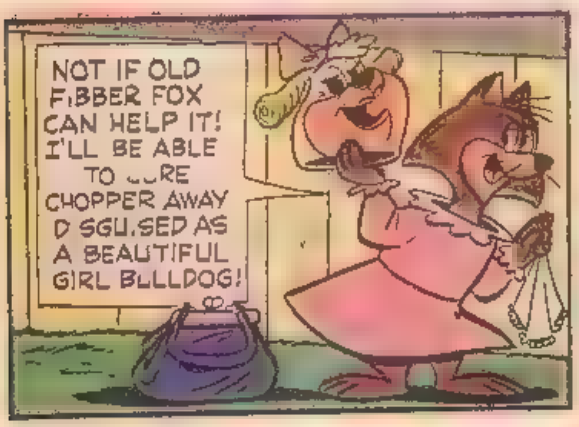

BUDDY... WHERE'S FLAPPY?
HE FLEW THE COOP, I GUESS.
AHA! THERE ARE THE REST OF THE HELP-NEEDERS!
AND QUICK AS A WHIRLWIND...
GOT CHA SUZY!
GOT CHA, SIR!
WAP!
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I CAN'T DEPEND UPON ANYONE ELSE TO DO MY RESCUE WORK!
BUT ROCKY YOU'VE JUST GOT TO CATCH UP WITH YOUR SCHOOL WORK!
SAY THAT BUS GIVES ME AN IDEA!
BUS
AND SO...
KEENO! NOW I'M GETTING GOOD GRADES AND DOING RESCUE WORK, TOO!
IN FACT, A NICE THICK BOOK SOMETIMES PROVES TO BE A LIFESAVER! HEH-HEH!

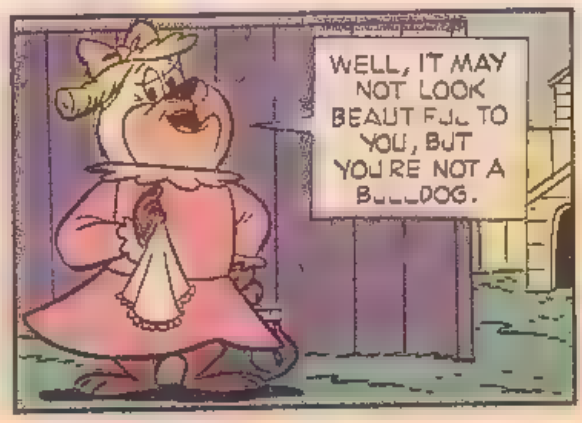
Hanna-Barbera

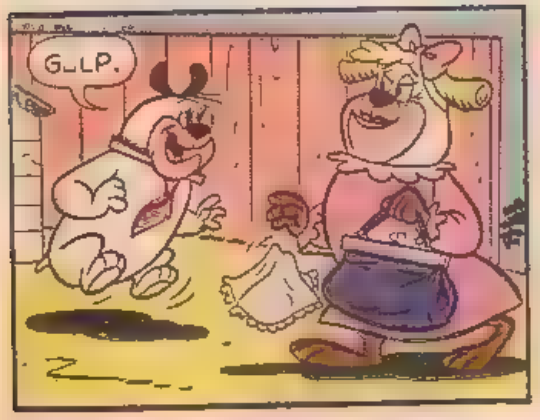
Yakky and Chopper

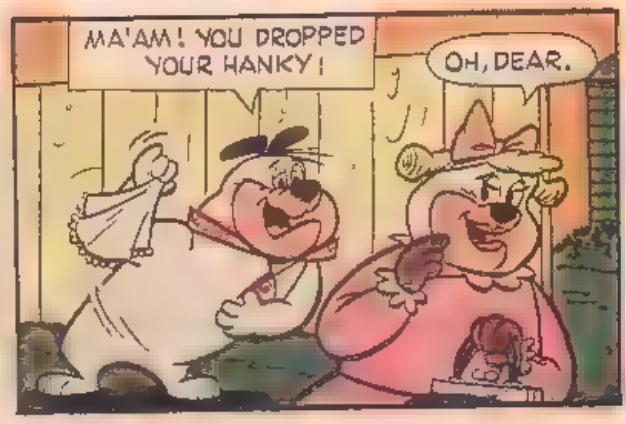
The FOXY DISGUISE


I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP, CHOPPER, OLD FRIEND!
GO RIGHT AHEAD, YAKKY, PAL! YOU KNOW YOU'LL BE SAFE FROM FIBBER FOX WITH OLD CHOPPER ON GUARD!

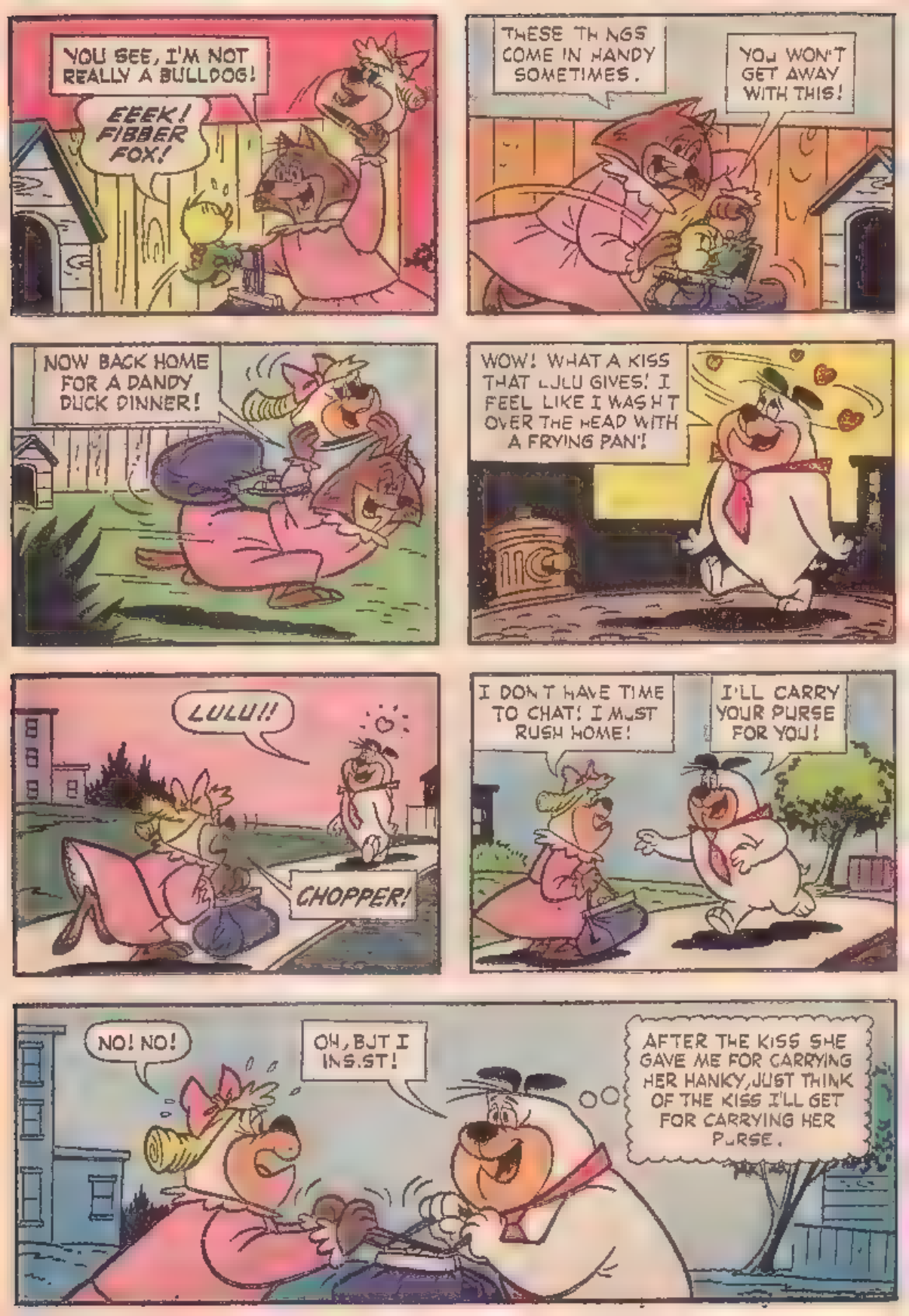




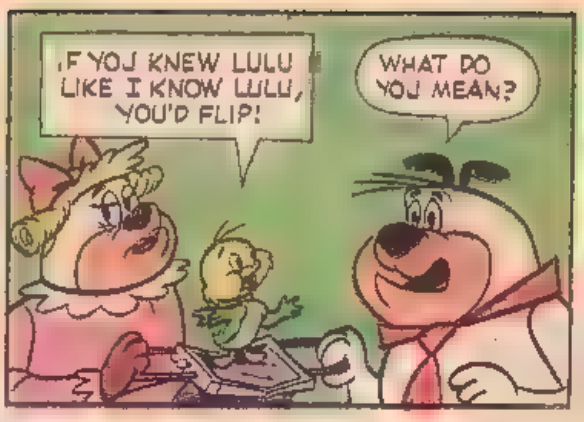


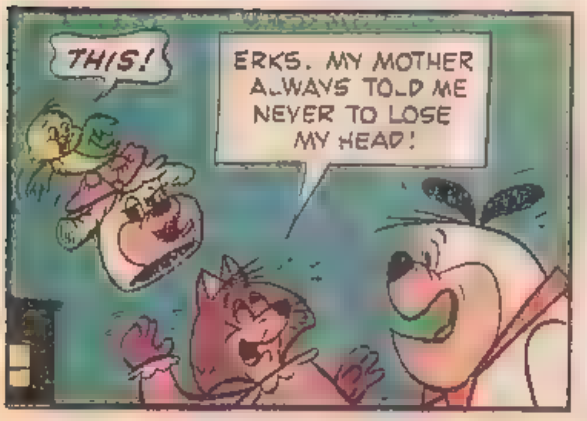


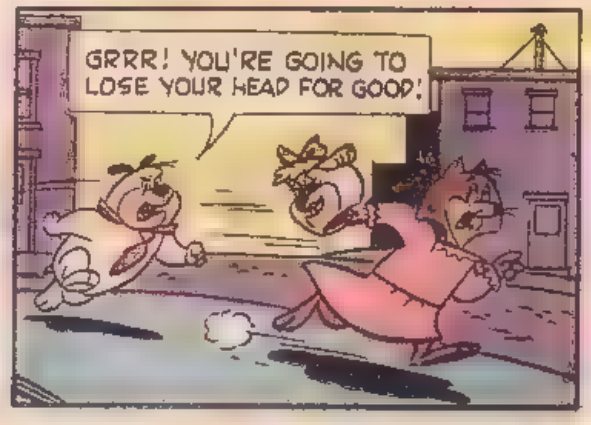
TH S HANKY IS SO HEAVY! I JJST HATE TO CARRY IT ALL THE WAY HOME!
PLEASE ALLOW ME, MA'AM!
TEE, HEE! YOU RE TOO KIND!
THINK NOTHING OF IT!
SHORTLY...
I LIVE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS. I CAN MANAGE FROM HERE!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MA'AM!
YOU CAN CALL ME LULU. AND IF YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES, I'LL GIVE YOU A KISS ON THE CHEEK FOR HELPING ME!
GOSH!
(ULP!) I'M READY!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
WHAM!
YAKKY DOODLE, HERE I COME.
MOMENTS LATER...
SAY, YOU'RE A BULLDOG! HAVE YOU SEEN ANOTHER BULLDOG NAMED CHOPPER?
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT I CAN'T!

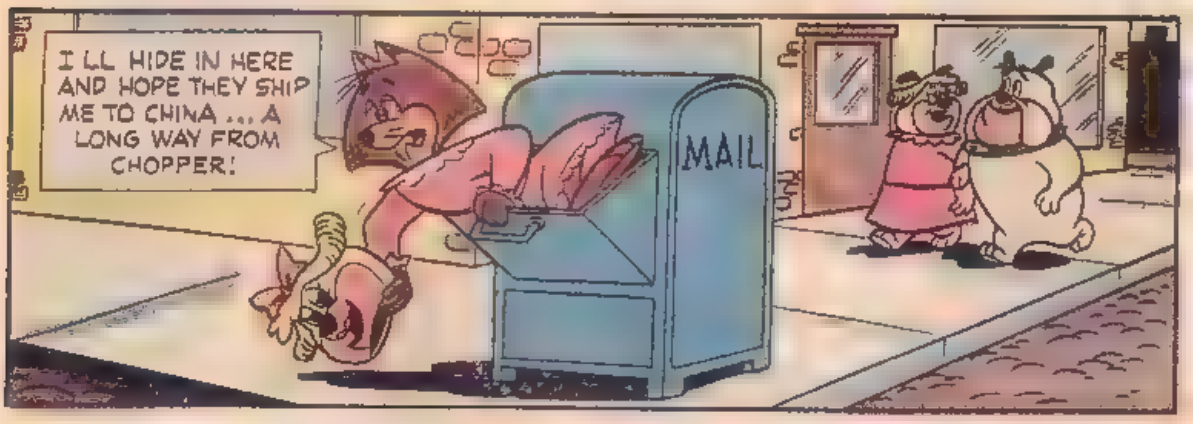

YOU SEE, I'M NOT REALLY A BULLDOG!
EEEK! FIBBER FOX!
THESE TH NGS COME IN HANDY SOMETIMES.
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
NOW BACK HOME FOR A DANDY DUCK DINNER!
WOW! WHAT A KISS THAT LULU GIVES! I FEEL LIKE I WAS H T OVER THE HEAD WITH A FRYING PAN!
LULU!!
CHOPPER!
I DON T HAVE TIME TO CHAT! I MUST RUSH HOME!
I'LL CARRY YOUR PURSE FOR YOU!
NO! NO!
OH, BUT I INS.ST!
AFTER THE KISS SHE GAVE ME FOR CARRYING HER HANKY, JUST THINK OF THE KISS I'LL GET FOR CARRYING HER PURSE.

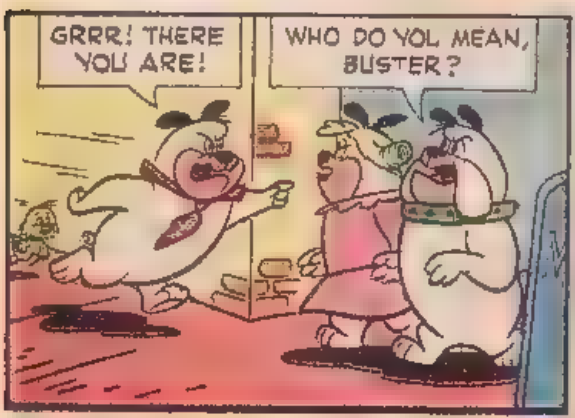
(ULP!) THE BIRD'S OUT OF THE BAG!
YAKKY! DO YOU KNOW LULU?

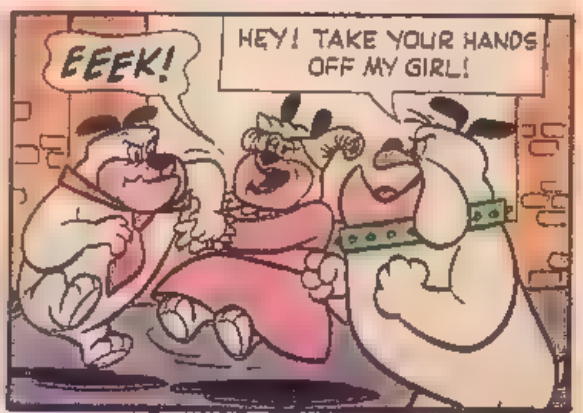

IF YOU KNEW LULU LIKE I KNOW LULU, YOU'D FLIP!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

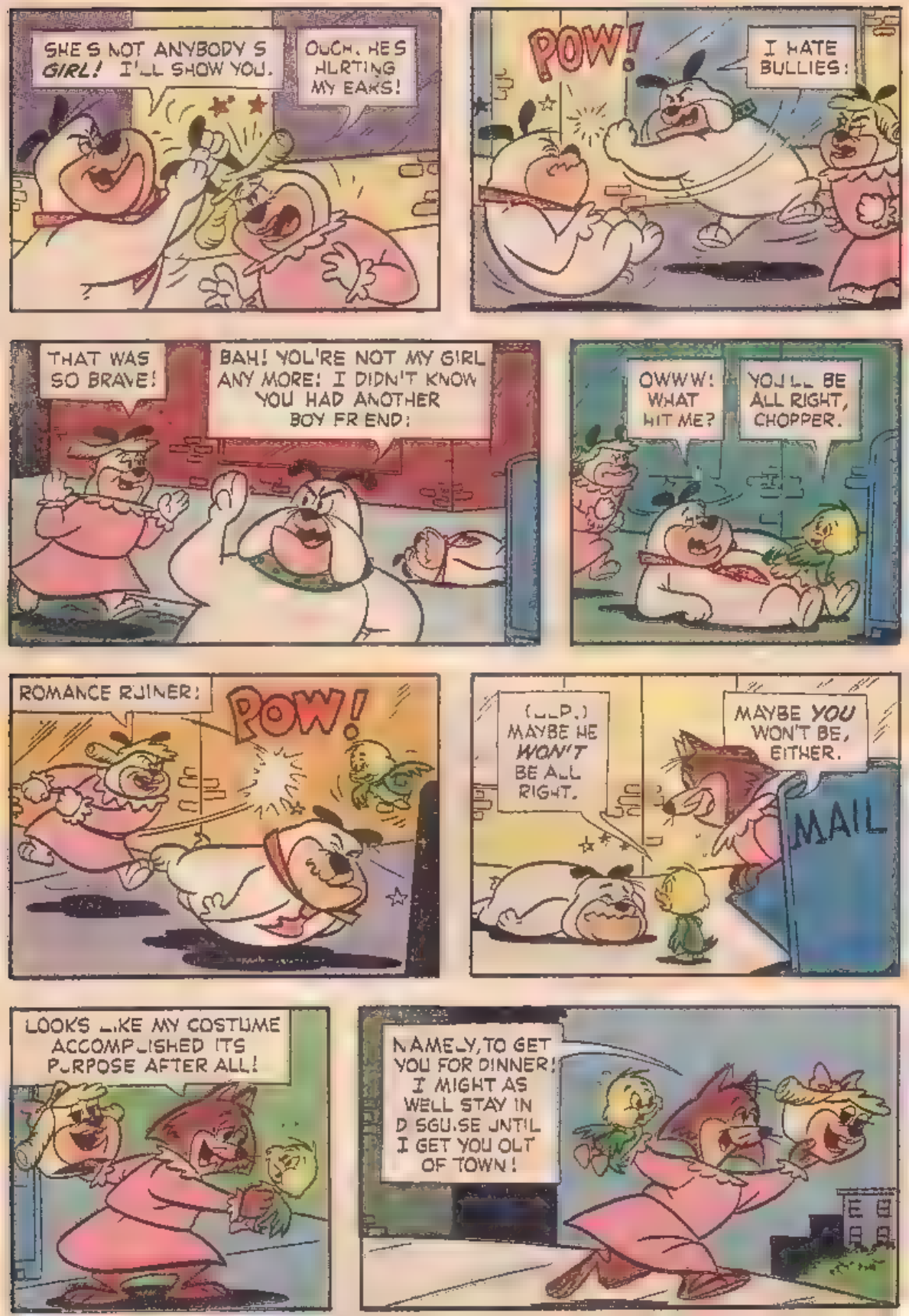

THIS!
ERKS. MY MOTHER ALWAYS TOLD ME NEVER TO LOSE MY HEAD!

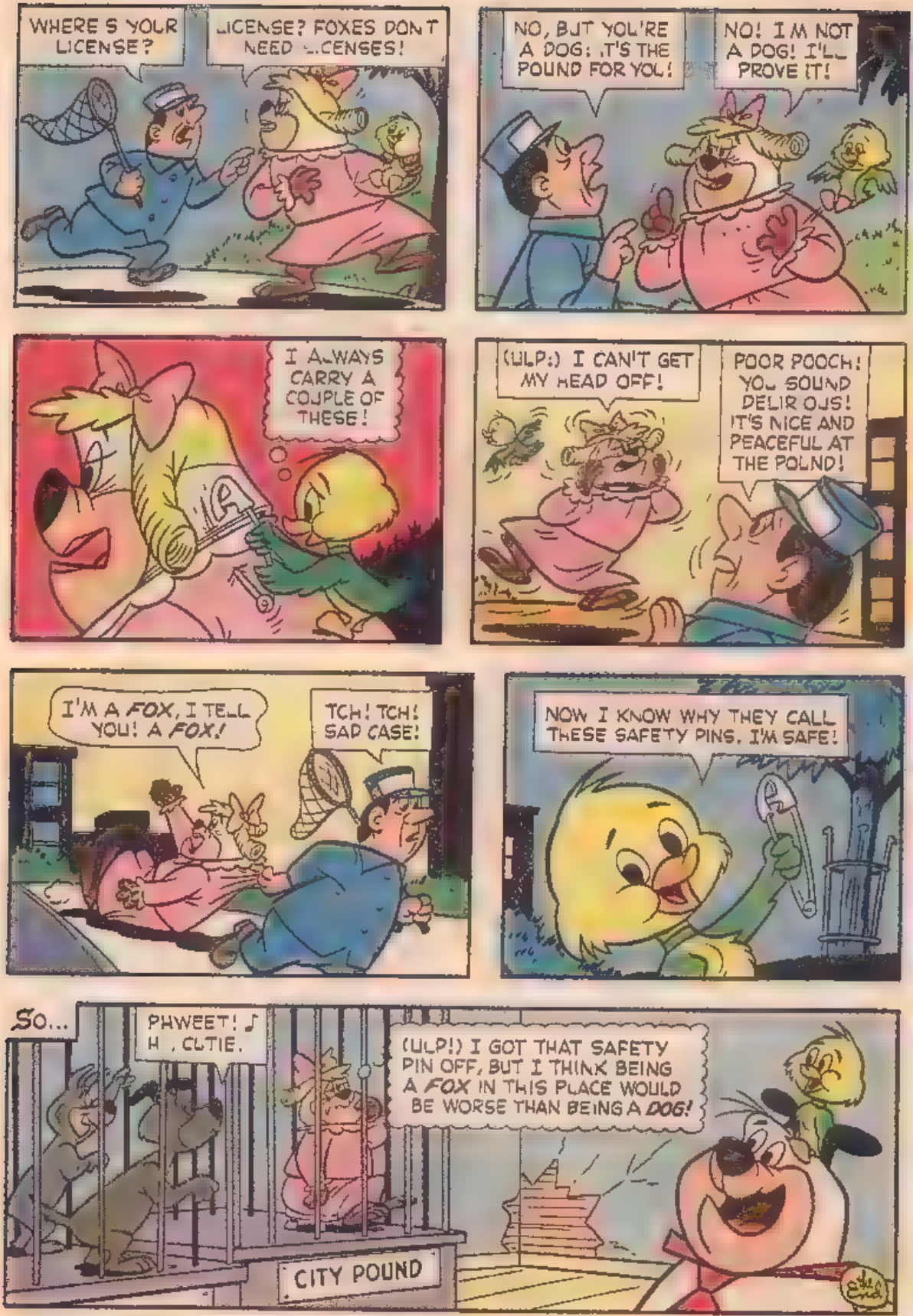

GRRR! YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE YOUR HEAD FOR GOOD!


I'LL HIDE IN HERE AND HOPE THEY SHIP ME TO CHINA ... A LONG WAY FROM CHOPPER!
MAIL

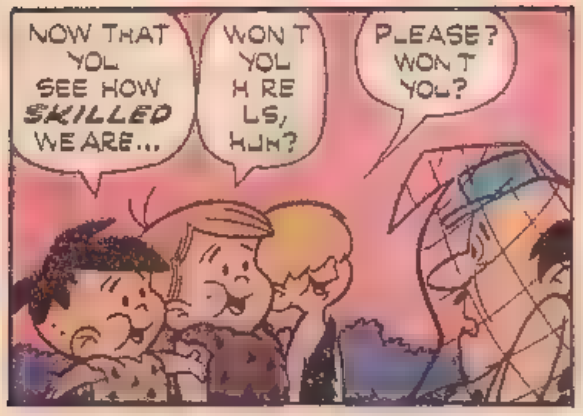

GRRR! THERE YOU ARE!
WHO DO YOU MEAN, BUSTER?


EEEK!
HEY! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF MY GIRL!


SHE'S NOT ANYBODY'S GIRL! I'LL SHOW YOU.
OUCH. HE'S HURTING MY EARS!
POW!
I HATE BULLIES!
THAT WAS SO BRAVE!
BAH! YOU'RE NOT MY GIRL ANY MORE! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD ANOTHER BOY FRIEND!
OWWW! WHAT HIT ME?
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, CHOPPER.
ROMANCE RUINER!
POW!
(SLP.) MAYBE HE WON'T BE ALL RIGHT.
MAYBE YOU WON'T BE, EITHER.
MAIL
LOOKS LIKE MY COSTUME ACCOMPLISHED ITS PURPOSE AFTER ALL!
NAMELY, TO GET YOU FOR DINNER! I MIGHT AS WELL STAY IN DISGUISE UNTIL I GET YOU OUT OF TOWN!

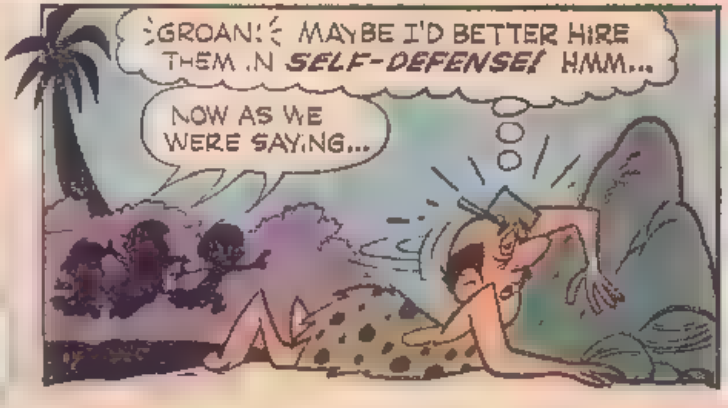

WHERE'S YOUR LICENSE?
LICENSE? FOXES DON'T NEED LICENSES!
NO, BUT YOU'RE A DOG: IT'S THE POUND FOR YOU!
NO! I'M NOT A DOG! I'LL PROVE IT!
I ALWAYS CARRY A COUPLE OF THESE!
(ULP:) I CAN'T GET MY HEAD OFF!
POOR POOCH! YOU SOUND DELIRIOUS! IT'S NICE AND PEACEFUL AT THE POUND!
I'M A FOX, I TELL YOU! A FOX!
TCH! TCH! SAD CASE!
NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL THESE SAFETY PINS. I'M SAFE!
So...
PHWEET! ♪ HI, CUTIE.
(ULP!) I GOT THAT SAFETY PIN OFF, BUT I THINK BEING A FOX IN THIS PLACE WOULD BE WORSE THAN BEING A DOG!
CITY POUND

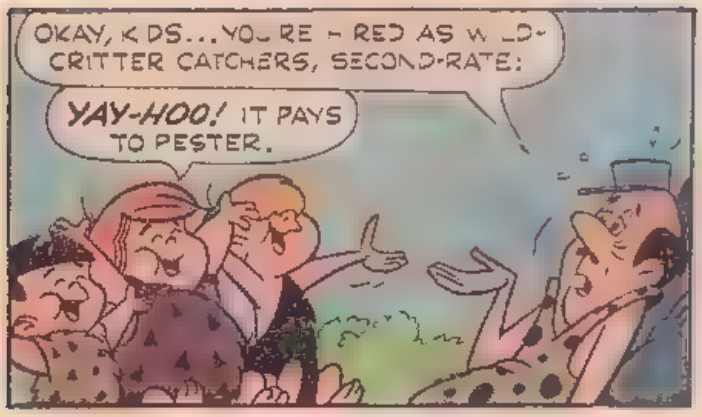
Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
and the
THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS
PLEASE, MR. ZOO CATCHER...
WON'T YOU HIRE US..
ZOO
TO CATCH WILD CRITTERS .. PLEASE.
NO! NO! NO! STOP PESTERING ME!
OOPS BECAUSE OF YOU KIDS I WENT AND STOMPED INTO THE SWAMP!
SPLOSH!
EEEK! A SWAMPASAURUS HAS GOT ME!
SLURP!
TO THE RESCUE, MEN!
THERE. THANKS TO US, YOU ONLY LOST YOUR TOENAIL POLISH.
...PLUS TEN YEARS OFF MY LIFE DUE TO NERVOUS DISCOMBOOBERATION!
OOG.
YIKE!

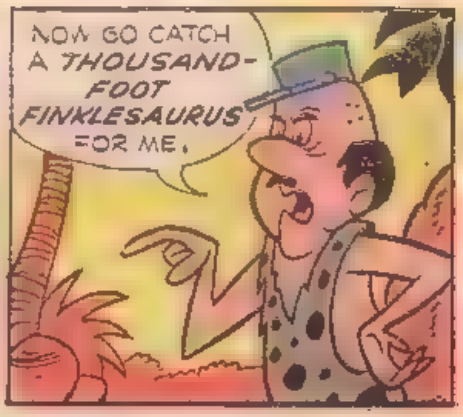

NOW THAT YOU SEE HOW SKILLED WE ARE...
WON'T YOU HIRE US, HUH?
PLEASE? WON'T YOU?

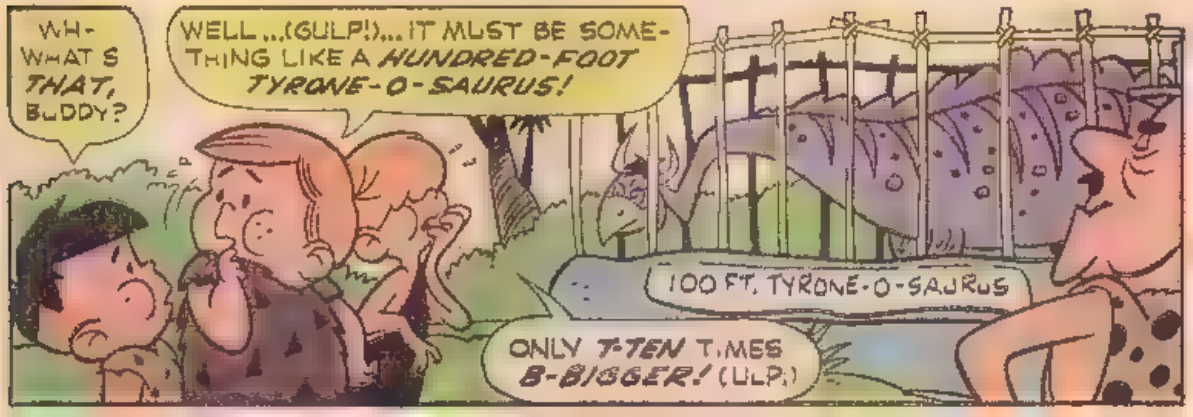
NO! NO! A THOUSAND SCREAMS NO!

KRACK!


:GROAN!: MAYBE I'D BETTER HIRE THEM IN SELF-DEFENSE! HMM...
NOW AS WE WERE SAYING...

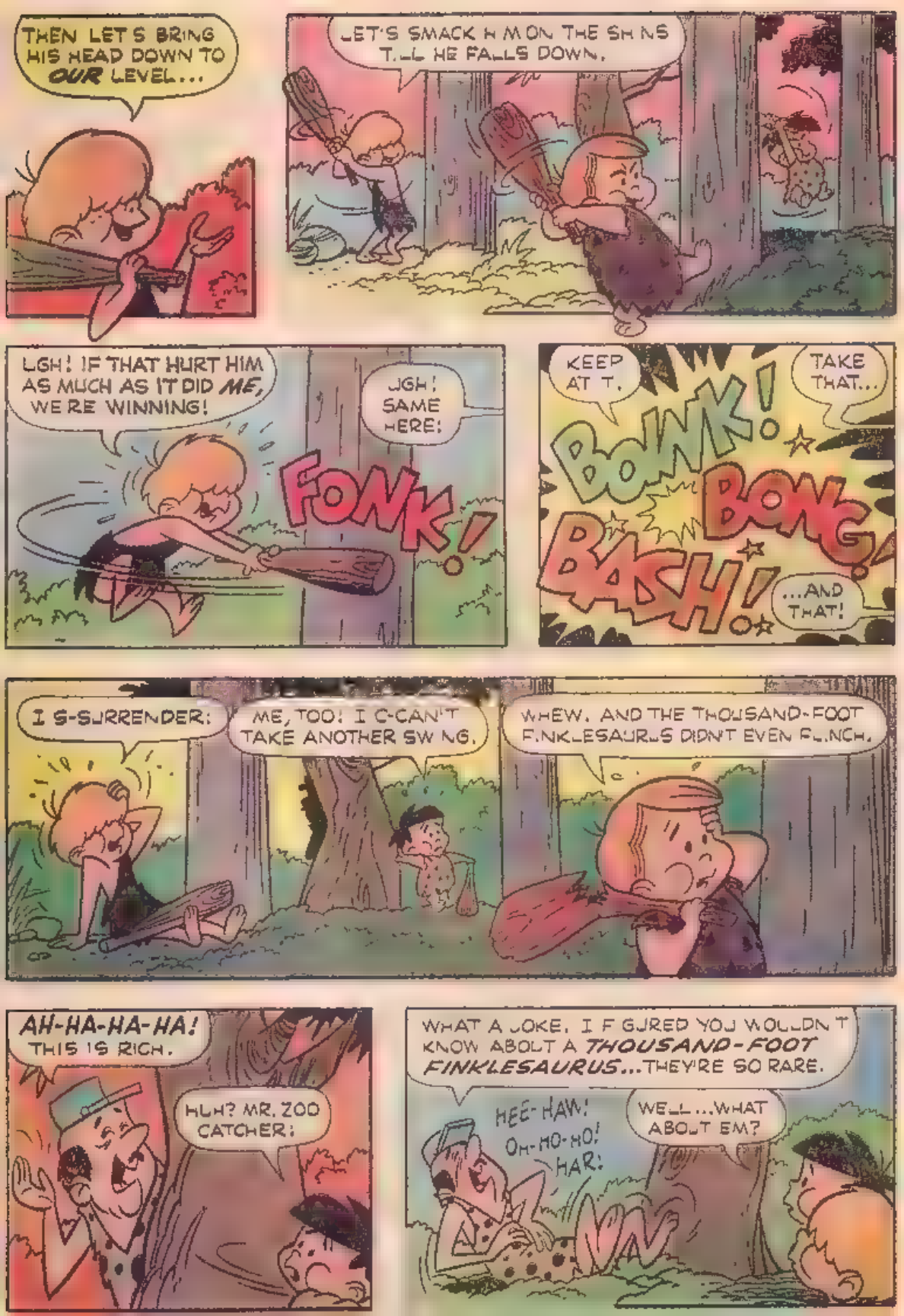

OKAY, KIDS... YOU'RE HIRED AS WILD-CRITTER CATCHERS, SECOND-RATE!
YAY-HOO! IT PAYS TO PESTER.

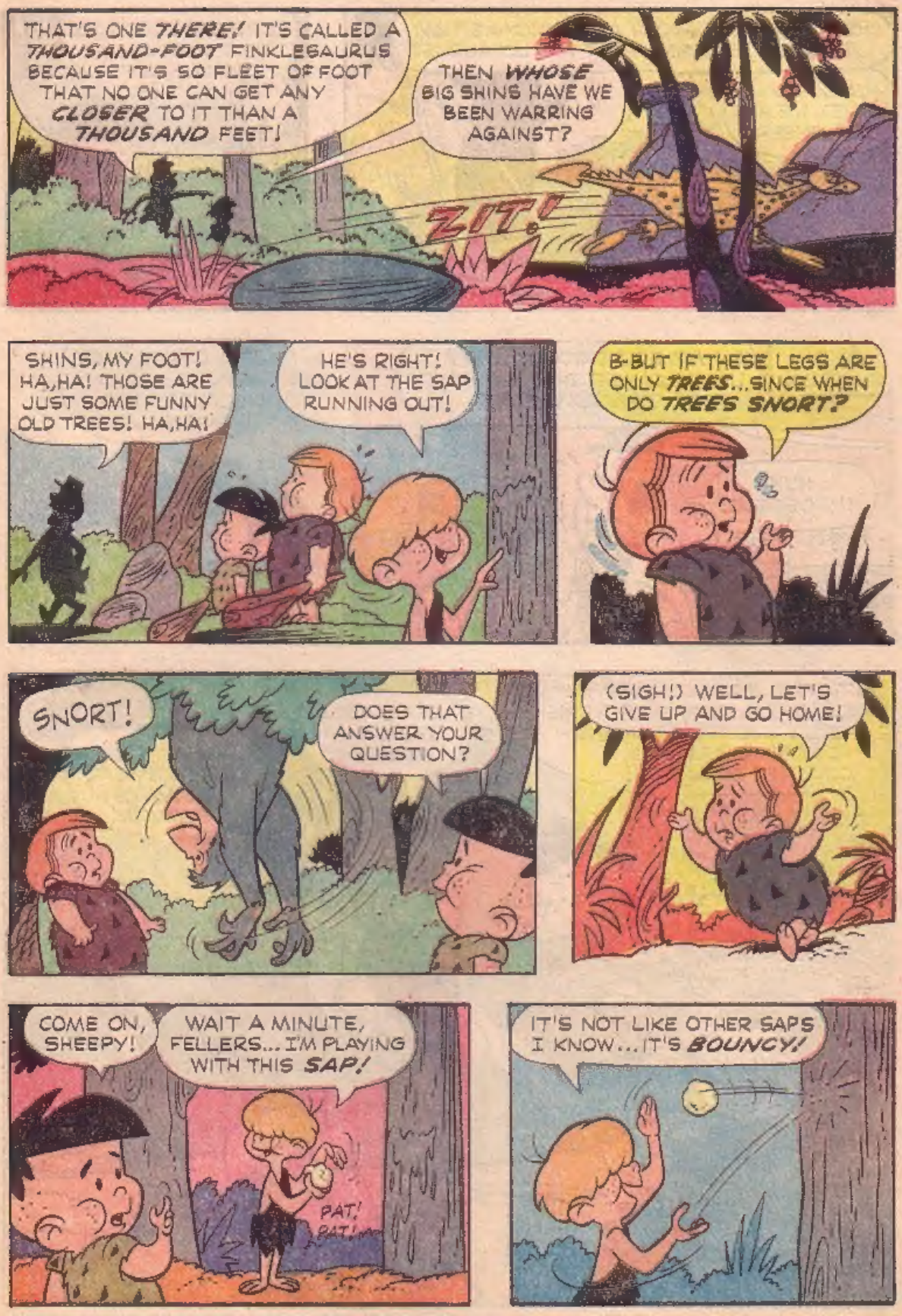

NOW GO CATCH A THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS FOR ME.


WH-WHAT'S THAT, BUDDY?
WELL...(GULP!)...IT MUST BE SOMETHING LIKE A HUNDRED-FOOT TYRONE-O-SAURUS!
100 FT. TYRONE-O-SAURUS
ONLY TEN TIMES BIGGER! (ULP!)

ARE YOU SCARED?
ER...N-NOTHIN' S-SCARES US!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
C-COME ON, MEN.
LET'S CATCH ONE!
NOT SO F-FAST!
AND REMEMBER...NO FINKLESAURUS... NO PAY!
SO OUR FRIENDS GO THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS HUNTING...
HOW WILL WE KNOW WHEN WE FIND ONE?
ARE YOU KIDDING? IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING WE EVER SAW!
HEY! GROUND'S SHAKIN'!
THAT MUST BE ONE COMING 'ROUND THE BEND!
DOMP! DOMP!
LET'S ALL CLOBBER HIM AT ONCE!
BASH!
GRR! YOU CONKED-OUT OUR BUS, YOU RASCALS!
'SCUSE US! OUR ERROR!
GREY MOUND BUS CO.

AND SO...
I KNOW WE DESERVED A PADDLING... BUT NOT FROM ALL TWENTY-FIVE PASSENGERS! WOW!
WELL, LET'S NOT MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN!
I'M GONNA ASK THIS MAN IF HE'S SEEN A THOUSAND-FOOT PTERODACTYLUS...
ROUTE 1
YES...THERE'S ONE JUST BEYOND THE WOODS!
THANK YOU, SIR!
WALK CAREFULLY AND CARRY A COCKED CLUB!
HUH? ALL I SEE IS THAT FUNNY-LOOKING LITTLE BEAST OVER YONDER!
HE'S NOT EVEN THREE FEET LONG!
SNORT!
OH-OH! I KNOW WHERE OUR THOUSAND-FOOTER IS NOW!
THESE FOUR BIG GREY JOBS MUST BE HIS LEGS, AND THE REST OF HIM IS UP ABOVE THE TREETOPS OUT OF SIGHT!
SNORT!
EEK! WE CAN'T BASH HIM ON THE HEAD WITHOUT A LADDER!


THEN LET'S BRING HIS HEAD DOWN TO OUR LEVEL...
LET'S SMACK HIM ON THE SHINS TILL HE FALLS DOWN.
UGH! IF THAT HURT HIM AS MUCH AS IT DID ME, WE'RE WINNING!
UGH! SAME HERE!
FONK!
KEEP AT IT.
TAKE THAT...
BONK!
BONG!
BASH!
...AND THAT!
I S-SURRENDER!
ME, TOO! I C-CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER SWING.
WHEW. AND THE THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS DIDN'T EVEN FLINCH.
AH-HA-HA-HA! THIS IS RICH.
HUH? MR. ZOO CATCHER!
WHAT A JOKE. I FIGURED YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT A THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS...THEY'RE SO RARE.
HEE-HAW! OH-HO-HO! HAR!
WELL...WHAT ABOUT 'EM?


THAT'S ONE THERE! IT'S CALLED A THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS BECAUSE IT'S SO FLEET OF FOOT THAT NO ONE CAN GET ANY CLOSER TO IT THAN A THOUSAND FEET!
THEN WHOSE BIG SHINS HAVE WE BEEN WARRING AGAINST?
ZIT!
SHINS, MY FOOT! HA,HA! THOSE ARE JUST SOME FUNNY OLD TREES! HA,HA!
HE'S RIGHT! LOOK AT THE SAP RUNNING OUT!
B-BUT IF THESE LEGS ARE ONLY TREES...SINCE WHEN DO TREES SNORT?
SNORT!
DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION?
(SIGH!) WELL, LET'S GIVE UP AND GO HOME!
COME ON, SHEEPY!
WAIT A MINUTE, FELLERS... I'M PLAYING WITH THIS SAP!
PAT! PAT!
IT'S NOT LIKE OTHER SAPS I KNOW... IT'S BOUNCY!

HEH! IT'S JUST ABOUT AS BOUNCY AS THAT LITTLE OL' THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS!
HMM... YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA, SHEEPY!
LET'S GET LOTS MORE OF THIS BOUNCY SORTA STUFF!
AND SHORTLY...
OH, MR. ZOO CATCHER... PAY US! WE CAUGHT THAT THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS!
HUH? IMPOSSIBLE!
NOPE! IT WAS EASY, THANKS TO A NEW DISCOVERY WE MADE...
WITH THIS BOUNCY SAP MOLDED AROUND OUR FEET, EVEN A FRISKY FELLA LIKE THE THOUSAND-FOOT FINKLESAURUS COULDN'T ESCAPE US!
LET'S CALL THE STUFF RUBBER!
AND LET'S CALL OUR FOOTWEAR TENNIS SHOES!
ZOO

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS
EEEK!
EEK!

GOLD KEY

GOLD KEY COMIC PIX

SET NUMBER 2